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THE

# Hostile Friends:

A WAR DRAMA.

*IN FIVE ACTS.*

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BY GEO. H. FULLERTON.


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PS 1729  
F42.H6

*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

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MANLEY WINTHROP, Unionist.  
FESTUS GREGORY, Rebel.  
DR. WINTHROP, Manley's Father.  
MRS. WINTHROP, Manley's Mother.  
LOUISE WINTHROP, Manley's Sister.  
COL. GREGORY, Festus' Father.  
LILLIAN GREGORY, { Festus' Sisters.  
MARION GREGORY, }  
MR. HOLMAN, Union Soldier.  
MRS. HOLMAN, Wife of Mr. Holman.  
CHARLES, Grandson of Holman.  
HARK, Winthrop's Negro Servant.  
BIGLOW, { Speakers at War Meeting,  
PAYSON, }  
DOBBS, Recruiting Officer.  
COL. DEARSON, { Union Officers.  
LIEUT. HAINES, }  
UNCLE JOE, {  
MARY ANN, { And others. Slaves of Gregory.  
SAM, }  
MISS PETERS, {  
MISS HENRY, { Members of Society for aid of Sanitary  
MRS. DOLBY, { Commission.  
MRS. ROYSON, }

Banjoist, Bones, Pianist, Soldiers, Orderly and Adjutant.

# THE HOSTILE FRIENDS.

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## ACT. 1.

SCENE I.—*New England. A Room in College, Manley Winthrop reading an evening paper. Enter Festus Gregory L.*

GREG. What news, Manley? All peaceful yet?

WIN. Sad news, Festus; sad news.

GREG. What mean you? Let me see it. No outbreak, I trust. (*Takes the paper and reads.*)

WASHINGTON, April 12, 1861.—At 4.30 A. M., fire was opened upon Fort Sumpter from Fort Moultrie, and soon after from the batteries on Mount Pleasant, Cumming's Point, and the floating battery; in all 17 mortars and 30 large guns for shot—mostly columbiads."

And the cowards did not return the fire! Pish!

WIN. Hold there, Festus! Be careful what you say! Read on, and you will see if they submitted tamely.

GREG. I will not read. They are Yankees, and there's no courage in a Yankee!

WIN. You shall know if there is! It's not in words and bluster. Hand here; I will read it. (*Reads aloud.*)

"Meantime the garrison of Sumter took breakfast quietly at their regular hour, were divided into three reliefs, each of which was to work the guns for four hours; and the fire of Sumter was opened at 7 A. M., from the lower tier of guns, upon Fort Moultrie, the iron battery on Cumming's Point, two batteries on Sullivan's Island, and the floating battery simultaneously. When the first relief went to work, the enthusiasm of the men was so great that the second and third reliefs could not be kept from the guns."

Is that cowardice? Ah! Festus, I make no quarrel with you: but this I say: You shall be made to swallow your words of con-

tempt. (*Festus enraged springs towards him*). Hold! my friend: I utter no threat of personal injury; nor do I mean that I will compel you; but you shall see that Northern men are not cowards; that they fear not to face the mouth of the cannon in the discharge of their duties to their country. You shall know how a true man, how a Yankee loves his country, and how much he esteems the priceless boon of liberty.

GREG. Well, Winthrop, we shall see! You seem suddenly to have become a brave man; and I admit that you evince the spirit of a gentleman, which, (how much I may have loved you) I never before gave you the credit of possessing.

WIN. I do think Mr. Gregory that you are very complimentary. Upon my word, I thank you. My best wishes to the colonel, your father, and pray inform him that I am very happy to have had the honor of associating with so courteous a gentleman as his son has proved himself to be.

GREG. Ah! you honor me; but let's have done with this. We have been friends through three years of college life, and we have often sworn that our friendship should be eternal. *Amicitia vera est sempiterna.* (*They shake hands.*)

WIN. Festus, I do regard you no less than ever before, and we will part friends, if indeed we must part. I shall offer my services to my country; I shall do what I can to subdue the spirit of insurrection, and to preserve the Union.

GREG. And I, my friend, shall hasten home to Virginia, to fight with my native state. I must prove true to the Old Dominion. If we, fighting in opposing armies, should meet face to face, I pray God I may not shrink from duty; but if you are in prison, and I am near, I will use all my influence to make you comfortable; if you are wounded on the field and fall into our hands I will do all I can for your relief.

WIN. Enough, Festus, I do believe you, and I to you no less a friend will prove. (*Knocking heard at the door.*)

WIN. Come in. [*Enter Hark L.*] Well my boy, what now? What news from home?

HARK. Mas'r Manley, de gub'n'r say you come straight home mejitly. He's afeared you'll git inter trouble wid dat secesh chum o' yourn. I's come round wid de light phayton which was give to you de last commencement.

WIN. Hark, have you heard the news?

HARK. What news, Mas'r Manley?

WIN. The Southerners have fired on Fort Sumter, and civil war has begun.

HARK. Is you jokin', Mas'r Manley?

WIN. No, it is the sad truth.

HARK. Lor', Mas'r Manley. De debbil is in dem Southerners shore. Dey spees to whip de whole Northern region, does they?

GREG. And they'll do it too.

HARK. [*Starting as if frightened.*] Lor', Mas'r Gregory! you here? But dere ain't so many white folks in de souf as dere is in de Norf, and de greater shall beat de smaller.

GREG. Tut! you black imp. One of the Southern chivalry can whip twenty Yankees.

HARK. But dey ain't all of de ch'balry, Mas'r Gregory.

GREG. The whole South will rise as one man, and the poor whites will be stimulated to bravery by our example.

HARK. If de white trash goes wid you, what will de collud folks be doin' all de while?

GREG. They? A pretty question, you nigger! They? why, they will do whatever their masters command them to do.

HARK. Yaas sir, Mas'r Gregory, I spees dey will. [*Pointing over his left shoulder.*]

WIN. Come, Hark, we won't discuss this subject any more at present. Here, you take some of my traps—this bag and cane—and go down, I'll be there presently.

HARK. Good bye, Mas'r Gregory, may you live till the Yankees whip you. [*Exit Hark, obsequiously L.*]

WIN. Well, Festus, old chum, it seems that I must leave you now, though doubtless Hark, invented the story about my father's being afraid to trust us longer together. I am sorry that we fight not upon the same side; then could we win honor in the same battle, fighting against a common enemy. It cannot be; you love the Old Dominion, where your proud family has lived for generations, and I love our institutions, our nation and liberty. Good bye Festus. [*They clasp hands.*]

GREG. It is indeed sad to part thus, Manley. I would it were not to be. You are a good fellow. I was excited when I spoke so unkindly to you a little while since. You do forgive me?

WIN. I do, Festus, we were both excited. We will ever be friends, and should the fortunes of war bring us together, even then we will not forget our vows. [*Knocking at the door.*] Come. [*Enter Hark L bowing low.*]

HARK. I beg you will 'sense me, Mas'r Gregory, de gub'nar say he send his compliments and 'vite you to de house along o' Mas'r Manley.

WIN. Why did you not say this before?

HARK. I forgot him, shore. I did Mas'r Manley, so help me Jeff.

WIN. Did my father tell you that he was afraid that we would get into trouble? Come, out with it.

HARK. No sar, but I spec dat's de reason. Couldn't think o' nothin' else. [*Exit Hark L.*]

WIN. I told you, Festus, that it was probably Hark's own story. I hope you will come with me; do not shake your head, but come on. You were never more welcome than you will be tonight.

GREG. No, my friend, it is better that I stay away. Some unpleasant words might be spoken. I desire to have only pleasant recollections of your pleasant home.

WIN. But Louise,—surely you would see her, and bid her good bye.

GREG. Not so; our sympathies are no longer the same; she would despise me, and perhaps spurn me as a traitor, so, good bye, Manley. Farewell—may Heaven bless you.

WIN. Farewell. Heaven preserve us to meet again. [*Exit Winthrop L.*]

GREG. Ah! this is but the beginning. Friends must part to never meet again, or perchance, to cross swords in battle, or to die by each other's hand. I loved him as a brother; but I love Old Virginia more. He says that he loves the nation and liberty. Have our people made a great mistake? Are we wrong, and the North right? I do not know; I cannot tell. [*Looks at his watch.*] It is now the hour for the mail; perhaps it brings a letter from home. [*Exit Gregory L.*]

SCENE II.—*Same. Room in Dr. Winthrop's mansion. Louise at the piano. Mrs. Martha Winthrop sitting by, reading a book. Enter Dr. Winthrop, R., seats himself in an arm chair.*

DR. WIN. I have sent Hark for Manley and his chum. I am anxious to know what position Gregory will take in regard to affairs. If he is as hot and outspoken in favor of secession, as he has shown himself to be in commending the southern chivalry and their rights, as he terms them, I am afraid that Manley will get into trouble with him.

LOUISE. No! Oh, no!

MRS. WIN. I hope not. I think that my boy will comport himself like a gentleman, which he has ever shown himself to be.

DR. WIN. Ah! Martha, these are trying times through which we are passing, or perhaps I may say into which we are entering. Boys will become men; men will become heroes. The calm men of today will be enthusiasts tomorrow, and in the heat of excitement we know not what we ourselves would do. Gregory is quick of temper, and Manley will endure no abuse of his country. I thank Heaven, too, that he will not.



Have we not taught him to love that precious maxim: *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*? and did he not drink in patriotism with his mother's milk? Ah! he is a noble boy.

MRS. WIN. You speak truly, doctor. Manley is indeed a noble boy; but though he would willingly die for his country, I do not believe that he would treat his friend discourteously.

LOUISE. And Mr. Gregory, I am sure, is a gentleman. Has he not proved himself to be such, papa?

DR. WIN. He has indeed, my daughter; and my fears may be ungrounded. They are as fine a brace of boys as I ever saw, and I hope they will come home together.

LOUISE. There goes the bell.

MRS. WIN. It is Manley's ring. [*Exit Louise, R., hastily.*] I think Louise is a little hasty. If Gregory is there he may misconstrue her eagerness.

DR. WIN. Well, Martha, let's remember our youth. It is perfectly natural that she should be eager to see Manley and his friend. [*Enter Manley and Louise, R.*]

MRS. WIN. Ah! Manley, my dear boy. }

WIN. Dear Mother! }

DR. WIN. [*Shakes hands.*] I am glad to see you my son.

Where is Gregory?

WIN. At the room. I could not persuade him to come, and Hark made one of his usual nonsensical speeches, said you were afraid of our getting into trouble, and that I must "come straight home mejitly."

DR. WIN. The rascal! He is always making up some story to suit his idea of things. But, sit down; what does Gregory say in regard to the rebellious act of the authorities of South Carolina?

WIN. He upholds it, as we might expect. He thinks that the "Southern chivalry" will do nothing wrong; can do nothing dishonorable. He bade me farewell, and says he shall hasten home to offer his services to his state.

LOUISE. A traitor! [*Blushes and stamps her foot.*]

[*Silence for a moment.*]

DR. WIN. What said you, my son?

WIN. I said that I should offer myself to my country to save her from her foes.

LOUISE. Good! [*Puts her arm around her brother's neck impetuously.*]

DR. WIN. Brave boy!

MRS. W. You have spoken like a Winthrop! }

DR. WIN. He has spoken like his mother's son. }

WIN. It is but my duty, as you have always taught it to me. I am glad that you do not object to my entering the army.

DR. WIN. Object, my son?

WIN. But, mother.

MRS. WIN. As dearly as I love you my noble boy, (and only a mother can know the love which she bears her only son); as much as I look forward to your future of honor, yet I would rather that your body should lie and decay upon southern soil, than that no patriotic emotions should thrill your breast. I thank God that I have borne such a son, so good! so true!

DR. WIN. [*Aside.*] Brave woman! yet who would think that she, who is so feeble would be so self denying?

[*Aloud.*] Thou art braver than a Spartan!  
Thou art as brave as the Puritans!

MRS. WIN. Hush! husband, these compliments do not become you. Remember that you are no longer young.

DR. WIN. I would that I were. I would go to the wars myself, that I might make myself worthy of such a wife.

[*Hark appears at an open door.*]

WIN. Come in Hark. [*Enter Hark, R.*]

DR. WIN. What ridiculous story did you tell at the College?

HARK. Dunno, Mas'r Winthrop, what you's drivin' at. Don't member nothin'.

DR. WIN. Didn't you say that I was afraid that Manley and Mr. Gregory would get into trouble?

HARK. Yaas sir, spees I did, but Mas'r Winthrop, I thought you was skeered shore. I thought dat was de truf.

DR. WIN. And you led him to think that he would not be welcome here, did you?

HARK. I dunno Mas'r Winthrop. I's told him dat you 'vited him to come wid Mas'r Manley; but 'spected you didn't want de seecesh here nohow.

DR. WIN. Hark, Manley is to join the army of the North. What do you say to that?

HARK. I spected he would go. O Lor', Mas'r Winthrop, I seed it in him. I seed it when he was a leetle boy, running round and protectin' de poor boys, and de girls dat was cryin'. I says, dat boy is a gemman's son, and he's got de gemman in him. Dem are de boys dat makes de big men.

DR. WIN. Well spoken Hark; but I suppose you will not care to go with him.

HARK. Oh! Mas'r Winthrop. Dat is de onkindest you ever spoke to me! Does you spose dat I has tended dat chile from his cradle up, and watched him through his youthful days, through de school, de 'cademy, and three years inter college, and now is goin' to leave him?

MRS. WIN. God bless you Hark. You are a brave fellow.

DR. WIN. Wife, I believe I'm getting young again. I have a great mind to offer my services as surgeon.

MRS. WIN. I think you are needed more at home, at present.

LOUISE. Yes indeed, father, what would all our patients do without you?

HARK. Missus Winthrop, Jane says dat de supper am ready.

MRS. WIN. Come Manley let us go. [*Exeunt all, R.*]

SCENE III.—*Virginia. Verandah at the residence of Colonel Gregory. Enter Col. G., Lillian G., and Marion G., R.*

LILLIAN. Oh! papa is there any news from Festus?

COL. G. No dear, we have heard nothing. The mails must have been delayed, for he has never failed to write us.

MARION. Perhaps the Yankees have arrested him.

LILLIAN. No, papa, they would not; would they?

COL. G. I hardly think they would do that. Festus is, however, right free to speak his mind, and we know that true Southerner as he is, he has made trouble here by his talk about certain abuses. I would risk my life on his loyalty to the old Dominion, but I do not think that he would be drawn into any discussion with the Northerners on the subject.

MARION. The mudsills! If they touched Festus, I would strangle every one of them.

COL. G. Ha! ha! my pet. Their numbers are great: what could a little one like you do?

MARION. Now papa, are you turning Yankee?

COL. G. Not so. Do you think that any one who bears the name of Gregory would stoop to even think as the Yankees do? No, my dear; but they are right strong in numbers, and we must not underrate their power. It is true that one of us could whip twenty of them, but we may be overpowered for a time, nevertheless. Eventually we shall succeed.

LILLIAN. Papa, do you think that Festus' college chum will sympathize with the North?

COL. G. Undoubtedly Lillian, undoubtedly. The old families of the North, and especially of Massachusetts, are as proud and unyielding as we, of Virginia. As their state goes, so they go; as our state goes, so go we. I would not be surprised to hear that young Winthrop had entered the army which is now being recruited at Boston.

MARION. I do wish that Festus would come home. It is too bad that the mails are delayed. [*Enter Festus, R.*]

LILLIAN. My brother!

FESTUS. Lillian!

MARION. Oh! Festus, the Yankees did not kill you did they?

FESTUS. Not quite, sis—Good-morning father!

COL. G. Good-morning my son. I am right glad to see you. This is indeed a surprise.

MARION. Yes Festus, we thought you were way off in that horrid Massachusetts, where those dreadful mechanics live. How could you stay there so long?

FESTUS. But did not my sister live in New York?

MARION. But they were more like us there, and they will fight for our cause.

FESTUS. Have the young ladies all become politicians here? What says my quiet sister?

LILLIAN. We are all patriots, Festus, and if Southern women cannot fight, we can spur others on to duty, and we can and will withhold our smiles from those who prove recreant to old Virginia.

FESTUS. Father, what means this? Is there indeed so intense a feeling about the matter as the quiet Lillian's words lead me to suspect?

COL. G. Festus, are you crazed? Does my only son come from the North tainted by their ignoble principles? Can you ask such a question when our cause is in peril?

FESTUS. Father!

COL. G. Answer me. Are you a traitor to your state and to Southern institutions? If so, you shall never again find shelter beneath this roof.

[*Sisters both look anxiously for his answer.*]

FESTUS. I am a Virginian and a Gregory. Is not this a sufficient answer?

COL. G. It is.

FESTUS. Of little value do I reckon everything beside my honor. I am a Southerner, a rebel. I will stand firm by my native state, and fight for her laws.

[*Enter Sam, R., turning a somersault, all smile.*]

MARION. Oh!

FESTUS. That's a pretty way to salute ladies. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

SAM. Yaas sir, Mas'r Festus, I'se right 'shamed; but I'se glad to see ye. [*Turns another somersault.*]

COL. G. [*Sternly.*] What do you want here?

SAM. I'se don't want nothing, Massa Gregory.

COL. G. Well, what are you here for?

SAM. Case I was sent for to come.

COL. G. Who sent you, you rascal?

SAM. De officer!

COL. G. What officer?

LILLIAN. Officer? { [*Together.*]

MARION. Officer? {

SAM. Yaas sir, de officer. Isn't de oberseer an officer?

*Festus strikes at him with his cane, and curtain falls as he turns a somersault and runs away. Exit L. and R.*

## ACT II.

SCENE. I. *Town near Boston. War meeting in Town Hall; men and women assembled. Enter Biglow, L., and ascends the platform amidst great applause.*

BIGLOW. Ladies and gentlemen; these are trying times, and we are called upon to prove that we are worthy citizens of a great republic. When a few weeks ago, the tocsin from Fort Sumter sounded the alarm of a mighty nation in peril, we were stirred to the heart's core, and we asseverated by all that is good and great, that the rebels should be subjugated, and peace once more restored. Have we forgotten these solemn protestations? Shall the lull of a few hours still your consciences, that they no more shall call upon you to vindicate the honor of the nation? Nay, I tell you nay. Even now while I speak, I can see by your eyes that your souls are warmed with patriotic fervor. You love you country like true citizens; and with this love, I believe, nay, I know that there is mingled that courage which will lead you to face the enemy and to hurl back upon our foes the danger with which they menace us. And ladies, you have a duty to perform, no less than the men. It is true that you cannot be soldiers, that you cannot bear arms in defence of your country and its institutions, but you can consent to the departure of your brothers, your husbands, your fathers; nay, you can urge them to leave you, for a nation's good. Then shall you have a part in the glory of the conquerors, then can you feel that you have had the glorious privilege of doing something to preserve the union. I have heard the question asked: "What will become of our wives and children when we are away?" As if, ladies and gentlemen, the citizens of this town could ever forget for a moment the sacrifices which those make who go forth in the defence of liberty. I tell you gentlemen that "sorrow makes us all akin," and if in the fortunes of war, you should be wounded, or if aught should detain you for months beyond the expected time of your return, we will care for your families as for our own. It shall not be counted charity, if we supply there needs, nay, gentlemen it will be but the partial payment of the great debt which we all owe you, the gallant defenders of a nation's honor.

[DOBBS. Come up gentlemen and enlist; now's your time.]

BIGLOW. O gentlemen, think of the glory that will come to you by the performance of this duty. Be patriots, and with your wives and children in the safe protection of your loving fellow-citizens, go forth to battle for honor and for liberty. [*Exit Biglow, L. Payson ascends the platform from audience.*]

PAYSON. Great inducements: honor, promotion and a splendid chance to see the country; expenses paid by Uncle Samuel; pure old Government Java, corned beef, hard tack, soft tack whenever it can be had, and all the necessities of life, not to say luxuries, and medical attendance, free of charge. [*Thinks it a pretty good joke and laughs at it.*] True, you may not have feather beds, but doctors tell us they are unhealthy and that we should dispense with them even at home. You shall then live as Nature designed, with the greenest velvet for your bed and celestial blue for your covering. Perhaps sometimes you will have a pine board to lie on; but then you know that you can take the soft side of it. Think of the great opportunities you have for promotion. There is no one here who shall enlist as a private but may come back a captain, a major, a colonel or a general. Think of the honor which you will confer upon your children and your children's children to many future generations. It will be Captain this one, Major such-a-one, Colonel what's-his-name, and General whom-did-you-say. Oh! great will be your glory. [*Voice—why don't you go then?*] Yes gentlemen, great will be your glory, and your fame shall afar extend. Some of you have been cooped up ever since your birth, but now you may go forth and behold the vast expanse of these once United States, while your mothers, your wives and your children are cared for by those whose duties requires their presence at home.

DOBBS. Come up gentlemen and enlist: now's your time. [*Enter R., Manley Winthrop, who amid repeated calls takes the platform.*]

WINTHROP. Fellow citizens: Our country calls! She needs us to save her from dishonor. Shall we remain inactive and not heed her cries? [*Voices excitedly, no, no!*] You have said, we will not. These are days for action, and not for speech alone. Who among you will enlist himself as a defender of his country? [*Cries o' I, and I, and I.*] Come then and let us enroll our names. [*Signs the roll and nearly all follow his example, and retire, R. and L., the band playing the Star Spangled Banner.*]

#### TABLEAU: "The Nation Aroused."

SCENE II. *New England. Poorly furnished room. Old woman knitting. Enter old man, L. [Holman her husband.]*

HOLMAN. Well, gramman, what do you think: Charles wants to go into the army.

MRS. HOL. Mercy me! What do you mean?

HOLMAN. He says he loves his country, and wants to do somethin' to save her from the rebels.

MRS. HOL. Charles! Why, you don't mean our boy, Liza's child, do you?

HOLMAN. To be sure, wife, who else?

MRS. HOL. But he's too young. Let me see. His mother's been dead these,—why 'twas four year ago come July, and he was ten the month afore.

HOLMAN. That makes him fourteen. Wal, he is pooty young, I should think.

MRS. HOL. The boy can't be in earnest, he'll have to wait four or five years yet. What did you say to him granpa?

HOLMAN. I says, your grannam won't want yer to go, and I guess you'd better stay at home, and look after things for I expect to go myself.

MRS. HOL. You Abijah Holman! You go to war? Why you're sixty, if you air a month.

HOLMAN. Wal, Lucia, I know it, but yer see, I ken color up, so you'd think I was a young man again, and I'll pass for forty or thereabout.

MRS. HOL. But Abijah: jest ter think of your goin' to the wars. What would become of me? I couldn't live no way without you.

HOLMAN. Well Lucia, if the boy stays at home you ken git along well enough. They say the war will be ended in three months; besides it'll be in the pleasantest part of the year, and you won't suffer. We've got a little money laid by, so you won't starve; and the neighbors 'll be kind to you if you are a soldier's widow.

MRS. HOL. O Abijah! how ken you talk so? Seems to me as if we were gettin' young again. Seems just as it used to when you was a leavin' me the summer afore we was married, only worse. If you never should come back, and the war should be over, what would become of Charles and me?

HOLMAN. Wife, wife, this doesn't seem like you: I think you are trying to persuade me to stay at home through love for you: but haven't you heard what promises the people have made for the families of those who leave all for their country's safety!

MRS. HOL. Yes, Abijah! I hev: but people don't always do what they promise.

HOLMAN. Lucia! Lucia! I am surprised, I am. When the town officers and the people who hope to be in office, the responsible people of the town, say that our families shall not suffer while we are gone: and when they say in earnest tones that should we return unfit for labor we shall be cared for; when on the platform and in the pulpit, amid the cheers of the women and others who remain at home, they declare that the widows and orphans of the soldiers shall be protected against all suffering as their own wives and children: when all this

is said, can you doubt them? They would be false to their country did they not keep good their words. [*Enter Charles, drumming. Mrs. H. stops her ears.*]

CHARLES. There, granma'am, how's that?

MRS. HOL. Mercy! what a noise you make. Granpa, that sounds almost as good as Capen's drummin', May trainin'. Charles, where did you learn to do that?

CHARLES. Oh! up town. I'm goin' to war to drum for them. I guess grandpa can take care of you granmother. Don't you think he can?

MRS. HOL. He says that he is goin', too.

CHARLES. Ho! ho! You going grandfather? Give us your hand. [*They shake hands. Shouts heard.*] There they are, now. I am off up town.

MRS. HOL. Come back early, child.

CHARLES. All right, grandmother. [*Exit Charles, R.*]

MRS. HOL. Do you think, Abjiah, you ought to go?

HOLMAN. Yes, Lucia, I sartainly do, if for nothin' else than to take care of the boy.

MRS. HOL. Wal, I spose you must. He'll be sick if he stays to home. I know just how 'twill work on him, but it's orful hard to have you go. We've lived together so long, I don't see how I can get along without you.

HOLMAN. O nonsense, Lucia.

MRS. HOL. There's somebody at the front door. [*Runs off forgetting all trouble. Exit all, R.*]

SCENE III. *At Washington. Tents of Capt. Wiythrop. Hark cleaning the captain's equipments.*

### SOLDIER'S SONG.

*Music, March of the Men of Harlech. To be sung outside scenes.*

We are soldiers in the valley,  
 Waiting for the hosts to rally,  
 Hoping Burnside will not dally  
 With our foes at hand.  
 They are hoping to dismay us,  
 Or with gath'ring force to stay us,  
 But, if he will not delay us,  
 We will firmly stand.  
 We will give them battle;  
 We will seize their cattle,  
 And we will speed, where he will lead,  
 While sounds the muskets rattle.  
 And we on to victory going,  
 All the Southern legions mowing,  
 Our success through valor showing  
 To the rebel host.



HARK. If 'twant for dis yere Mike Lellan, 'pears to me we wouldn't a been loafin' round here, all dese months. Now de General Brownsides has got eommand, dey all expects to start for Fredericksburg mejitly. Some of 'em say its mighty risky piece of business, dis crossin' de river in de face of de enemy; but Capt. Winthrop he say it is the best thing could be done. [*Enter Capt. Winthrop, R.*]

CAPT. WIN. Hark! I am tired of this. Here the men are, suffering from the weather and lack of proper supplies, and all to no purpose. There's poor old Holman—the patriotic old fellow says that his patriotism is all taken away by this everlasting inactivity.

HARK. 'Pears to me Mas'r Manley, dat we's ought to move on de enemy, and if I was de general, you'd have de marchin' orders 'mejitley.

CAPT. WIN. But you couldn't cross without the pontoons.

HARK. De pontoons?

CAPT. WIN. Yes, the pontoons. You couldn't cross without them.

HARK. I'd go by the bridges.

CAPT. WIN. The bridges are destroyed.

HARK. Well, den Mas'r Manley, I'd swim.

CAPT. WIN. Ha! ha! Hark, you'd make a noted general. You are are a little worse than Pharaoh for planning.

HARK. Never heerd of General Faro afore. Was he a rebel?

CAPT. WIN. Ha! ha! old fellow. I thought you prided yourself on the Scripture.

HARK. De Scriptures?

CAPT. WIN. Yes.

HARK. So I does. You don't mean de Red Sea Faro, Mas'r Manley?

CAPT. WIN. No one else.

HARK. But he was drowned and all de folks wid him.

CAPT. WIN. And that is what would befall any general who should follow your plan for crossing the Rappahannock.

HARK. Mas'r Manley, I spec I wasn't cut out for a general, nohow; but dis yere I knows, if I had been Mas'r Faro, I'd a swum ashore and saved de general. Haw! haw!

[*Enter Adjutant, R., saluting the Captain.*]

ADJUTANT. The Colonel orders you to have your command ready to march at a moment's notice. [*Salutes him. Exit Adjutant, L.*]

CAPT. WIN. Hark! Pack up everything immediately. Have everything in readiness. [*Exit Winthrop, L.*]

HARK. Now dis yere means business. I reckon we'il smell de gunpowder for dis chile is two days older.

We will fight for Father Abram,  
 We will fight for Father Abram,  
 Case he'll set the black man free.  
 Oh! we'll fight for Father Abram,  
 Case he gives us liberty.

[*Packs everything and strikes the tent. Drums heard, orders given, marching coming nearer and nearer. Enter Capt. Winthrop at the head of his command. Brings them into position.*]

CAPT. WIN. Boys we are about to start upon a perilous expedition. The enemy are strongly entrenched at Fredericksburg, and we shall undoubtedly meet with great loss of life. But comrades I can trust you. You enlisted through patriotism, and now in the trying hour you will prove true. Let us remember that the enemy of the whole country are upon us: but more let us be true to ourselves, to old Massachusetts, and to the God of Liberty.

SERGT. Three cheers for Captain Winthrop. [*All cheer loudly.*]

CAPT. WIN. Thank you. [*Lifts his chapeau.*] Attention, By the right flank, march. Forward—march! *Exeunt all, R.*

SCENE IV. *Battle ground at Fredericksburg. Dead and wounded lying about. Time, night. Enter Festus Gregory, R., searching for somebody.*

GREG. Yes, it must be here, right here I left him;  
 Oh! cruel fate that bade me see him fall;  
 And stricken too by mine own hand—by mine.  
 I would have spared thee, O my bosom friend:  
 But should a soldier his heart promptings heed?  
 I would this curs'd war was at an end—  
 Friends, brothers die, and by each other's hand.  
 O Winthrop, chum, I did no malice feel  
 Toward thee; 'twas but this morning, at the dawn,  
 That I did pray for Heaven to guard thy life;  
 And here, somewhere, to-night, thou liest dead.  
 We gained the day, 'tis true—the Yankee troops  
 Lie scattered round and bite the southern dust—  
 But this does sorely try my loyalty,  
 And now, O Winthrop, boy: if back to life  
 I could thy helpless body bring once more,  
 I could—Ah! Gregory, stain not thy name;  
 Speak not what thy tender heart doth feel.  
 Aye! Aye! I will be yet once more a man;  
 But Heaven dost Thou a deaf ear turn to me;  
 Oh! couldst Thou not have granted me this boon,  
 To save from death the one my soul did love?

[*A groan. Gregory turns toward the sound, and goes to give him assistance.*]

GREG. I will assistance give to ease his death. [*Gives him to drink.*] What! how is this? It is: 'tis Winthrop. Speak! Manley, clam! boy! Thank Heaven! Thou art alive. Take this Manley—some brandy from my flask. Oh! I will have thee moved from this dread place; my own dear sisters' hand shall give thee drink, and with a sister's love will thee attend.

[*Winthrop attempts to speak. Gregory listens and hears the name of Hark.*]

GREG. He speaks of Hark, his servant at the North. Can he be here? I would he were this hour. [*Enter Hark, L.*]

HARK. What you doin' thar you secesh? Can't you let de cap'n alone, and let him die in peace, if he ain't dead already?

GREG. Hark!

HARK. Who is dat in dis hour of trial speaks so familiarly to me? O Lor! Is de angel ob death a sweepin' round and callin' me by name.

GREG. Hark! look here. [*Holds the lantern so that it shines in his own face. Hark starts as if frightened.*]

HARK. Mas'r Gregory, Is dat you? What does yer want here with de dead and dyin'?

GREG. I come to find the body of Winthrop, but he is not dead, as you will see. Get that stretcher out there, and we will take him away. My own home is but three miles from here, and there he shall be tenderly nursed. [*Hark gets the stretcher.*]

HARK. Bless you Mas'r Gregory! You ain't got a secesh heart nohow. I knowed you loved Mas'r Manley, but now I knows it shore.

GREG. Ah! Hark do you think that because men fight for what they think to be their inherited rights, that they have lost all human feeling? Is your master any less a man now than when at home?

HARK. No Mas'r Gregory, but de secesh seem to hab de bery debble in em. If it want for dis year deathly place, I should say dat dey must be de individuals dat dey claimed de second time, after dey'd been swept out. [*Exeunt all R. Enter Holman, L.*]

HOLMAN. This is a cursed war. O where's the love Which Heaven bears to us upon this earth?

Oh! what availeth all our earnest cries

Since he my grandson—orphaned one—is dead?

Thy grandam prays even now for thee and me.

Poor Charles! dear boy! What would her mourning be.

Did she but know that thou wert lying dead?

O Heaven! Could not her wrinkles plead with thee?

Are her grey hairs not eloquent in Heaven?

I see her waiting, watching for a word

To cheer her heart with hope that yet we live.

It must be here I saw my grandson die.  
 Here is a neighbor, friend of peaceful days.  
 O Charles!—What madness moves me! He is dead!

[*Leans on his musket. Cries sobbingly.*]

My hope—the prop of my old age is gone.

[*Is silent, and then sings. Tune Corydon.*]

Ah! gone is the hope of our age.

Ne'er more shall we see his sweet smile.

No more will he ever assuage

Our grievings—our moments beguile.

O War it has blighted my heart:

Has taken my dear boy away,

Who said he would never depart.

But always beside me would stay.

O Charles that you should lie upon this field

And be the food of buzzards and crows.

TABLEAU: "*Charles in Heaven.*"

[*A Quartette sing: "Thy will be done." Curtain falls.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *Virginia. Negro cabin on Colonel Gregory's plantation. Time, Jan. 1, 1863. Old negress sipping sassafras-tea. Old man smoking.*

UNCLE JOE. Mary Ann, 'p'ars to me dese people is late.

MARY ANN. Mercy! no, Joseph, it's right early. De light hasn't comed into de cabin winder, scursely.

UNCLE JOE. Go way, Mary Ann, you spects to teach me does you. I'm at de head of dis yere house to-day. Didn't Fader Abram tole us dat we all was free when de New Year come?

MARY ANN. And isn't de women hands as free as de men? You didn't git dis yere cabin more'n I, and you isn't more free den I is, Mister Joseph Gregory. [*Uncle Joe is mollified by this compliment to his manhood and lets Mary Ann have her way.*]

UNCLE JOE. O go way, Mary Ann, I isn't a gwine to quarrel dis yere right fine mornin', case I neber can sing de joyful songs, when de ole Adam is arisin' in de breast. Dis yere, yer know is 'Mancipation Day.

MARY ANN. Hi! hi! dis yer Nancy 'Pation, whose she? 'Pe us ter me Joe, you is too old to member de day dat gal was born.

UNCLE JOE. O Lor' Mary Ann, such ignorance! and in dis yere cabin! Doesn't yer know dat 'Mancipation is de name of de gen'ral dat Fader Abram told to make us free. Dey say

he comed all around de plantations and foted de news, and dat's why dey call it 'Mancipation Day. Now, does yer know?

MARY ANN. Go way! you can't fool dis yere. Some ob de boys tole you, old man, or yer couldn't put on dese airs like de old Mas'r Greg'ry. [*Sounds of singing and of banjos and bones.*]

UNCLE JOE. Golly Mary Ann, dere dey is. Open de cabin do'.

MARY ANN. Do it yourself. I isn't your slave if I is free. [*Enter boys and girls singing and playing. All standing they sing a song.*]

O we'll fight for Fader Abram,  
O we'll fight for Fader Abram,  
O we'll fight for Fader Abram,  
'Case he set de black man free,  
O we'll fight for Fader Abram,  
'Case he gives us liberty.

UNCLE JOE. Take seats ladies and gemman, take seats. You shall have de best de cabin affords. Mary Ann, hand dat ere stool over here. [*Gives it to him with a frown.*] De musicians will please to derange demselves in de order of dere rank. De vocalists will set on de chest, and de others will find dere 'propriate stations.

SOPRANO. I is de spranner and I takes de head. If dat yere is de head I'se gwine to de proper station. [*Some resistance is shown.*]

BOY. She's a pert young miss, see how she steps. [*After some gentle dispute they are seated.*]

ANOTHER BOY. That she is, you reckon.

ONE OF THE BOYS. Look yere, Uncle Joe, hasn't yer got some apple-jack or somethin' to 'radicate de cobwebs from de troat? [*Whispers of sh! sh!*]

UNCLE JOE. Dis yere am a temp'rance house, and is run on de temp'rance principles. Dere isn't no apple-jack in de cabin, but dere is de sassafrass tea. [*Disdain expressed by all except the soprano, who accepts a cup of the beverage.*]

SOPRANO. I takes a cup of de stimulation. [*Before she has drank it, a little boy watches his time and drinks the whole of it.*]

SOPRANO. (*Enraged.*) Dere you imp, doesn't you know manners. Does you take de stimulation away from de spranner.

BOY. 'Taint youn no more'n mine, we's all free to-day.

[*All sing and play and pat.*]

O we fight for Fader Abram,  
Case he set de black men free.

SOPRANO. [*After the rest.*] Case he set de black man free. [*Ending with a high note.*]

UNCLE JOE. Will de gemmen and ladies favor de aujiance

by givin' anoder tune, and oder words. Sing somethin' dat Mary Ann can jine in. Somethin' 'propriate to de occasion, kinder solemn like.

BANJOIST. Will you please to 'cuse us, we'se something 'posed for de 'casion. Sing "Dis am de blessed mornin'."

[*Bones and bogs begin.*]  
 Oh! dis am de blessed morning,  
 When we darkies all am free,  
 Oh! dis am de blessed mornin',  
 And we'll sound de jubilee,  
     Sound, darkies, sound,  
     Oh! sound de jubilee,  
     Sound, darkies, sound,  
     We all dis day am free.  
 Oh! de blessed fader Abram  
     Is de greatest livin' king;  
 Oh! de blessed fader Abram!  
     We will all his praises sing,  
     Sound, darkies, sound, &c.  
 Oh! we'll praise de Hebenly Fader,  
     For His day am surely come;  
 Oh! we'll praise de Hebenly Fader,  
     Oh! we'll make our voices hum,  
     Sound, darkies, sound, &c.

TABLEAU: "Emancipation Proclamation."

UNCLE JOE. Sing somethin' more lively, if 'twant composed for de 'casion, don't matter. Song is de same all de arth ober. Go in. [*They sing.*]

UNCLE JOE. Dere is Mas'r Winthrop's nigger. [*Enter Hark L.*] Say, Mister Winthrop, is you free?

HARK. To be sure I am. I've been free dese number of years. What give to think so ridiculous.

UNCLE JOE. Case de general say de secesh shouldn't have deres no longer, but didn't say nothin' 'bout de Yankees.

HARK. I'se de family friend of de Doctor Winthrop, and I'se always free to come and to go when I pleases. I was in de Souf once, but dese good many years I was at de Norf and a free collud pusson. Go on wid your singing, Uncle Joe. It makes me feel young as I used to feel when I had my own little picaninies, fore dey all died and I was took to de Norf.

UNCLE JOE. De musicians and vocalists will please to perform anoder ob dem tunes. [*They play and sing.*]

HARK. Dat sounds like de old times. A little dancin' would bring dem nigher still, and 'pears like it would fire de blood in my old Soufer'n veins.

UNCLE JOE. Come gemmen and ladies, could you dance a little?

MARY ANN. Why Joseph, you is a minister of de gospel, and does yer ask de people to dance?

UNCLE JOE. I does Mary Ann.

MARY ANN. Where is yer piety?

UNCLE JOE. In de life. Now Mary Ann, what does de good book say about dancin'?

MARY ANN. You is de preacher, I spec'd you knows yer-self.

UNCLE JOE. I does, Mary Ann. It says dere is a time to dance; and dis yere am de time. When de people who has been a slavin' all de life, is set free, shouldn't dey dance? I reckon dey should. I is too old to dance, but I'll partake in de time. Will de musicians give us de music. [*Then music sounds and Joe pats and one of them begins to dance.*]

UNCLE JOE. Dat speaks de whole ob my heart. Anoder.

HARK. De olden time has come. [*Another Dances.*]

[*All begin to be excited and watch eagerly. All sing or play and several dance. Great furor as they go into the open air, one hallooing ecstasically, another screaming open the do'. Etcunt all. L.*]

#### ACT IV.

SCENE I. Room in Col. Gregory's house, Manley Winthrop sitting in an easy chair.

WIN. For six long months, perforce, I've lingered here,  
Securely guarded from the rebel foe,  
By those who are themselves our enemies:  
For friendships sake this gentle care is given.  
And I to better health have been restored,  
While loving hands have ministered to me.  
My sister, through the rebel lines has come,  
Protected from all harm by safe escort.  
And nothing that the power of friends could do  
These many months, has been withheld:  
And I am truly grateful; yea my heart  
Warms towards them, as I think what they have done.  
Yet they are rebels and conspire against  
My country, which I reckon more than life:  
And if away I once should strive to go,  
Strong guards would henceforth watch my chamber door.  
I must feign weakness and at dead of night  
From these my friends without my sister, go.  
Our army is not many miles away.  
And now methinks (as I more eager grow)  
I will this very night seek out their camp.  
Hurrah! so soon to be within their lines,

I do feel well again—full forty miles  
 Could I ere morning march without fatigue.

*Enter Lillian. R.*

Ah! now my patient what disturbs thee so?  
 Your countenance bespeaks you ill at ease.

WIN. 'Tis naught my gentle nurse but that I've read  
 Within these pages that which thrilled my soul;  
 Which hath my mind with fancies overwrought.

LILLIAN. Then I most strictly do forbid, henceforth.  
 This naughty book within my patient's hand.

What are its thrilling contents? Let me see!  
 Ah! "Irving's Conquest of Granada." One  
 Would think this book ill-timed when pretty songs  
 And perfumes sweet fill all the outer air.

It is a book more fit for winter nights  
 Than for the odorous balmy month of May.

WIN. Lillian!

LILLIAN. There is a tremor in thy voice;  
 What means it Manley, art thou really ill?

WIN. Not so, sweet one, I am not very ill;  
 But still I feel not quite so well this night,  
 As is my wont since summer days were nigh.

LILLIAN. I'll call thy sister, Manley! Shall I ring?

WIN. Not now, I have somewhat to say to thee.

LILLIAN. Now you are serious, what can this portend?

WIN. I said that I were ill.

LILLIAN. No, surely, no.

WIN. Be calm, I feel a tremor in my breast.  
 It may be naught, and yet it may be death.

LILLIAN. Death! No!

WIN. Disturb me not but let me speak.  
 I never can forget your kindly deeds,  
 Though years should intervene before I die.  
 I love you Lillian, as no other one  
 Upon this earth, and cannot bear the thought  
 That ever I must part from thee, sweet one;  
 But while our country is at war with self,  
 I may not hope that we our fates can join.  
 Dost thou turn away? Dost thou love me not?

LILLIAN. From thy true love I have not turned away.

WIN. Then when the war that fills our land with grief,  
 At last becomes a terror of the past,  
 Wilt thou be mine whatever intervenes?

LILLIAN. "Whatever intervenes?" Thou dost but feign  
 Thy sickness, now I fear, for some bad end.  
 Thy voice is strong, it does not seem that death  
 Is very nigh to thee, what means this ruse?

WIN. Oh! the spasm comes again, I faint, I faint!

[*Appears to swoon.*]



LILLIAN. O Manley, wake, and say thou dost forgive!  
 He cannot hear—O what if he should die!  
 Him whom I love more than all else beside. [*Rings.*]  
 "Whatever intervenes?" Yes, Yes, but this—  
 He nevermore shall fight the southern flag.

[*Puts salts to his nostrils. Enter servant, R.*]  
 Ask Miss Louise to come here quickly. Run.

[*Exit servant, R.*]  
 He now revives. Forgive me what I said.

WIN. I do forgive, but much you do me wrong.

LILLIAN. Nay, say not so, I do believe thee now.  
 Say once again thou dost my wrong forgive.

WIN. I do forgive thee, Lillian, heartily.

[*Enter Louise, R.*]  
 LOUISE. What is it Manley? Are you ill?

LILLIAN. It is  
 But now he fainted quite away.

LOUISE. Then are you very ill?

WIN. Not dangerously so.  
 But will Louise a pillow bring and place  
 Beneath my head, that I may rest awhile.

LILLIAN. I'll go. It may atone to wait on thee.

[*Exit Lillian, R.*]

WIN. Now Louise, listen, I am not ill. I have not been so well, before, since I received the wound. I am this night going to the Union lines. I did this to deceive her.

LOUISE. You must not go: you are not strong enough.

WIN. I am quite well. It is useless to say aught against it. You will receive proper care.

LOUISE. But you, Manley, can you endure the hardships of camp life, the fatigue of marches?

WIN. Hush! Lillian is coming; stay with me when she has gone. Remember it is for God and our liberties. [*Enter Lillian R., bringing a pillow.*]

WIN. Thank thee Lillian. Excuse me now from speech. And I will rest. None need on me attend.

Save you, my sister, come in ere you sleep.

LILLIAN. Then good-night, Manley. Restful be thy sleep.

WIN. Good-night, dear Lillian, and thy dreams be sweet. Good-night, Louise, or dost thou still remain?

[*Exit Lillian, R.*]

WIN. There, now, my plan is this. Wait; before we go farther, ring and have Hark sent up. [*Louise Rings.*] I will remain as I am, until we are together. [*Enter servant, R.*]

LOUISE. Tell Hark, that Captain Winthrop would see him immediately. [*Exit servant, R.*]

LOUISE. I do not think you ought to go.

WIN. But Louise. Have I not sworn to uphold the flag? I should be a traitor were I to remain here longer. Be the

same brave girl you were at the North. I will try to get you through the lines in a few days. Meantime you need fear nothing. [*Knocking.*] Come in.] [*Enter Hark, R.*]

HARK. Are you sick, Mas'r Winthrop?

WIN. Shut the door, and come here. I am going into the Union camp to-night.

HARK. What is all o' dis year smell o' sick folks mean?

WIN. You are no Yankee, or you could guess.

HARK. Its' easy 'nuf to see through de mile-stone, now you've made de hole. You'se deceivin' the Gregorys. Hi! hi! dat is good 'nuf.

WIN. Well, now, at eleven o'clock, do you be here with my army suit in a bundle, and a few rations to use in case of need. It lacks only half an hour now. So you'll have to step pretty lively.

HARK. All right, Mas'r Cap'n. I'se on hand. Good-bye Miss Louise!

LOUISE. Good-bye, Hark, take good care of Manley.

HARK. That I will. The Lord keep you. [*Exit Hark, L.*]

LOUISE. If it wasn't for Hark, the faithful fellow, I could not consent to have you go, but I have great confidence in him. [*Knocking.*]

WIN. Who can that be? I must to bed again. [*Louise opens the door. Enter Lillian and Marion, R.*]

LILLIAN. Pardon me, but I am anxious to know how fares my patient.

LOUISE. Hush! Do not wake him, he is very quiet.

MARION. Why did he send for Hark? How could he if he was asleep?

LOUISE. Why, Marion! How inquisitive! He was not sleeping then. He wanted some trifle which only Hark could find. He moves uneasily. I think we should retire and leave him quiet. [*Exeunt Lillian, Marion and Louise, R.*]

WIN. Now they are gone. [*Jumps up and locks the door.*] Now I'll hasten to my chamber and prepare. [*Exit Win. L.*]

SCENE II. *Virginia. A path in the woods. Time, night. Festus Gregory sitting on a log.*

GREG. This is a weary way on foot and lone.  
How oft I've wandered by this woody path  
In youthful days, safe mounted on the back  
Of my most trusty horse, which now is dead.  
Oh! those were peaceful days, when war's alarm  
Was still unheard through all the land about.  
No friends were forced by honor's law to fight,  
And strike each other down like enemies,  
As we must daily do in battle now.  
This is a cursed war to North and South,

And seems no nearer now unto the end  
 Than two long, bloody, wretched years ago.  
 My college friend, if I do not mistake  
 The mettle of his soul, will soon escape  
 My sisters' guardian care, unless a watch  
 Be placed upon his movements. And for this  
 I now return. I must away. [*Rises.*] What, ho!  
 Halt! who comes there? Halt! or I fire.

WIN. A friend.

GREG. Throw down your arms and then you may advance.  
 WIN. We are not armed.

GREG. One of you may advance.

[*Enter Winthrop and Hark, L.*]

Ah! Winthrop, how is this?

WIN. Ah! Festus, chum.

[*They embrace. Meanwhile Hark advances and disarms Gregory, who disengages himself from Winthrop's embrace, and attempts to reclaim his arms.*]

GREG. What means this, Winthrop? Is it to repay  
 What I have done for you in days now past,  
 That I am by your servant, Hark, disarmed?

WIN. Not so, old friend; you do not judge me thus.  
 You have more faith in my true love for you.  
 Now is't not so? Tell me you trust me yet.

GREG. I did most surely trust you until now.

But what can mortal think when thus disarmed?

HARK. What the use o' talking dis yere way, Mas'r Gregory? You knows he thinks a heap on yer, and he didn't know nothin' 'bout my taking dese yere things away. He don't want to be tooked back to your house again, 'case theyd watch him, and he's goin' for de Union lines.

WIN. Well, Hark has given you the story, Festus. That's the "whole truth and nothing but the truth." You know very well that there is nothing that I would not do or suffer for you that I consider honorable, but I cannot prove untrue to the old flag.

GREG. Oh! cursed war! How many times I mourned  
 The blighting hour that led the South to fight.

Beneath the starlit heavens, let us again  
 Renew our vows of friendship unto death.

WIN. I pledge my word and heaven shall witness it.

[*Clasp hands.*]

HARK. That don't look like war, nohow. Come Mas'r Gregory, come along wid us to the Union lines. We'll give you de best de camps affords.

GREG. That's impossible, Hark. Manley shall he return my pistols?

WIN. Yes, Festus. Hark, return all that you have taken from him.

HARK. Yaas sir, Mas'r Winthrop, but 'pears ter me you'd better settle it first which is goin' with tother.

GREG. You are the strongest party at present, and I am at your mercy, so that I promise to leave you unmolested, if you return my arms.

WIN. It shall be done.

HARK. Here dey are, Mas'r Gregory. [*Returns the pistols.*] Beg pardon for de uneeremoniousness.

GREG. All right, Hark, I think more of you for your devotion to my friend. You say you have no weapons, Manley.

WIN. I have none whatever.

GREG. Then you will please accept this from me.

WIN. Thanks. Festus, Heaven will reward you. We must go, goodnight.

GREG. I wish you a safe journey.

WIN. Take good care of Louise, or rather bid your people do it, since your furlough is doubtless of short duration.

GREG. I return tomorrow to my regiment. Good night.

WIN. Good night.

HARK. I never seed folks like dem afore. [*They are departing when Louise rushes upon the stage and runs to her brother. Gregory and Winthrop instinctively assume an attitude of defence before they realise what is the interruption. Hark lifts his hands.*]

HARK. Oh!

WIN. Louise!

GREG. Can it be Miss Winthrop?

HARK. Dat's Miss Louise, shore. I thought it was de angel dat comes upon us anywheres.

LOUISE. Unawares you mean, Hark; but you see I am far from being an angel. [*Gregory seems to think her one.*]

WIN. Why are you here?

LOUISE. I was obliged to come.

GREG. You do not mean to say that you were driven from my father's door?

LOUISE. Not by words, indeed, but your younger sister Marion, suspected that something was to be done, and so watched the door of Manley's room. She saw Hark enter but did not see him come out again, which still farther aroused her suspicions, and she knocked at the door. Receiving no answer, she imparted the fact to Lillian, who also came and knocked.

WIN. At what hour was this?

LOUISE. Half past eleven, or thereabouts.

HARK. Dat was a hairbreadth escape, Mas'r Manley. Dat little rebel is a peart one.

GREG. Were you not called?

LOUISE. They then came for me, and I suspect I showed unmistakable evidence of my knowledge of the affair, for the little Marion said, "Ah! you know where he is! Has he gone

away?" To this I made no answer, but could not help betraying the fact by my blushes and tears. The whole house was then aroused, and I ran off during the disturbance, and as Providence would have it, I have found my brother and Hark without trouble.

HARK. 'Pears to me, Mas'r Manley, we'se better be goin' for de Union lines. They hain't got no dogs on de plantation, but dey'd find us if we stay around yere.

GREG. Torments of another world! when will this cursed war be done? Here, Manley, I'll help you and Louise out of this, if I am shot for it before tomorrow's sun goes down. I have the countersign, and treason or no treason, death or life, I will see you safe outside the confederate lines. Come on, Louise shall have a horse at the next house. I will not see you defenceless or by any possible misfortune subject to the taunts of the soldiery, though I be cursed till death for my disloyalty to Virginia.

HARK. De gemman shows itself in Mas'r Gregory, if he be a sceesh. Dey am de most friendly enemies dat dis ehile ever looked upon with dese visual orbs. [*Shows the whites of his eyes. Exeunt all, R.*]

#### TABLEAU.

SCENE III. *New England. Room in Dr. Winthrop's mansion. Assembly in aid of Sanitary Commission. Mrs. Winthrop, Mrs. Holman and six others sitting by a table scraping lint.*

MRS. WIN. It is now nearly three years since our brave men went forth to battle with the enemy, and we may hope that some of them will soon return, but many will doubtless go back to fight until the war is over.

MRS. HOL. There are some who can never come back, Mrs. Winthrop; they have died upon the battlefield.

MRS. WIN. This is indeed sadly true, and at the same time, that we rejoice in the return of our nearest and dearest friends we shall not forget to sympathize with those who are bereft. You should be thankful that Mr. Holman is with you, although it was in consequence of sickness from wounds that he was discharged.

MRS. HOL. I hope I am thankful for Abijah's comin' back; but Charles was the hope of our old age; he never can come back.

MRS. WIN. Can you not feel consolation in the thought that you have given him to the cause of liberty, and that his name is enrolled among those who died in its defence?

MRS. HOL. It's very well for you to talk who hasn't lost any child by the war. You can't be expected to know anything about it. Why, Charles was my idol; I verily believe I sot more by him than I did by Abijah; but he was taken and Abijah was left. [*Enter Holman, L., on crutches.*]

HOLMAN. So here you are at it. We boys down south used to wonder how you carried on up here, now I shall have a chance to see.

MRS. WIN. Take the easy chair, Mr. Holman.

HOLMAN. Thank you ma'am. I am much obleeged to you. This war has done one thing.

MRS. WIN. What is that, Mr. Holman?

HOLMAN. It's put us all on a level. Time was when I shouldn't a dared to sit down in an easy chair in Dr. Winthrop's mansion; but now, though I think more of the doctor and his family than ever before, I feel at home.

MRS. HOL. Why, Abijah, how you talk.

HOLMAN. Truth, Lucia, and I tell you why, and this I've learned in the army, too. When you git to the hearts of people, it don't make no difference whether they are rich or poor, high or low, they are jest the same. Some folks cover up the hearts and you'd think they hadn't any, but let some-thin' tear away the cov'rin' and you see 'em beatin' like a trip hammer. So you see I aint' afeared to come here now, 'cause the war uncovered your hearts and I know what you air.

MRS. WIN. I am glad to hear you speak in that way, Mr. Holman, we shall always be proud to welcome you, and doubtless all here will express the same sentiments.

ONE. We shall all be glad to see you at anytime.

ANOTHER. Our house is always open to you.

HOLMAN. Thank you ladies, and I s'pose Mrs. Holman is invited too.

MRS. WIN. Certainly. You are both one, are you not?

HOLMAN. Wal, yes, I don't know. How is that Lucia?

MRS. HOL. Abijah! I should think you'd better go home, if you can't talk any better'n that.

HOLMAN. Why, what have I said?

MRS. HOL. Said! you talk like a young boy that's just married.

HOLMAN. Wal, it makes me feel young, to see all these fine young ladies, and to hear them chatting away to themselves. But there is one thing I'd like to have you do if you ain't too busy.

MRS. WIN. Wal, now, Abijah, what's got into you?

HOLMAN. Oh! nothin' particular, only I like to hear some of these young ladies sing a song. [*Enter Louise, L., bowing, shakes hands with Holman.*]

LOUISE. I am glad to see you Mr. Holman.

HOLMAN. Thank you ma'am. I am glad to see you. Ladies, many's the time we soldiers at the South have lifted our caps, and give three cheers for the daughter of the regiment. She seemed like an angel to some of us.

MRS. HOL. Now, Abijah, what air you sayin'. Givin'

three cheers for an angel! Wal, that beats all. [*General Laughter.*]

HOLMAN. Lucia allus was a laughin' to me about my grammar; and I 'spect if I was dyin' and I should say "set round me all my friends," she would say "sit" Abijah, not "set"; "hens set." Wouldn't you Lucia?

MRS. HOL. Perhaps I should, if I thought you would remember it.

LOUISE. Mr. Holman does not tell you of the Good Samaritan part which he acted. He has saved the life of more than one man, by his careful nursing, and comforted many a boy when he has been discouraged from long sickness in the camp. It was fortunate that he went into the army, if his strength did not allow him to keep up with his company in some of the forced marches.

HOLMAN. Miss Louise don't say too much about them affairs, for I can see that Mrs. Holman is gettin' a little riled, and besides I didn't do no more'n I ought to do; but as I was sayin' when you come in, can't some of the young ladies sing a song? Something cheerful like, so that we may forget the war for a time. [*Expressions of pain come over the faces of many present.*]

LOUISE. Will Miss Peters sing?

MISS PETERS. I really could not. I have a very bad cold, ahem!

MRS. WIN. Perhaps Miss Henry will favor us.

MISS HENRY. I should be pleased to do so, but I have no notes with me, and I cannot sing without them.

LOUISE. There is Mrs. Dolly, mother, she will undoubtedly sing.

MRS. WIN. Mrs. Dolly, will you favor Mr. Holman and ourselves with a song?

MRS. DOLLY. I thank you, Mrs. Winthrop. Indeed I thank you very much, but I never sing in public.

HOLMAN. Come, Miss Louise, you sing us something that you used to sing in Virginia. Give us that one about the Robin.

LOUISE. Ah! I know. "The robin sings his sweetest song."

HOLMAN. Yes, that's it.

LOUISE. And after I have sung that, perhaps Mrs. Royson will sing one of her inimitable songs.

MRS. ROYSON. I shall be most happy to sing for the old hero. [*Louise sings.*]

HOLMAN. That brings the old times back to me. Some of them were happy days, after all.

MRS. HOL. I believe he is mournin' for his old associates. If it wasn't for his wounds I believe he'd enlist again.

HOLMAN. That I would, you may depend on't. [*Ladies*

*clap their hands. Holman bows and is very much pleased with the compliment.]*

LOUISE. Mrs. Royson? [*Mrs. R. bows, goes to the piano and plays and sings. While Mrs. R. sings Capt. Winthrop appears at the door. Louise utters a cry of gladness and goes toward him. Enter Winthrop, L. Mrs. R. stops playing, all greet the new comer.*]

MRS. WIN. Manley! [*Kisses him and leans her head upon his shoulder.*]

WIN. Mother, dear! [*Kisses her.*] How do you do Louise? [*Kisses Louise.*]

LOUISE. I am glad to see you.

WIN. How do you do ladies, I am happy to see you. How are you Holman?

HOLMAN. Right smart, I thank ye, Captain. You are lookin' pooty well.

WIN. [*At the same time shaking hands with all.*] And so I am.

HOLMAN. But what are you at home for now? Your time ain't out.

WIN. To recruit a new command, but we will talk that over some other time. You've been well mother?

MRS. WIN. Very well, my son. Have you seen your father?

WIN. Yes, mother, I met him below. He will be in soon. Excuse me, and I will make myself a little more presentable. [*Exit Capt Winthrop, L.*]

HOLMAN. Well, Lucia, perhaps we'd better be goin', so the family can talk over matters together.

MRS. WIN. You are not unwelcome at this time. Do not take yourself hurriedly away.

HOLMAN. Thank ye, ma'am, we will call again.

MRS. WIN. We hope you will do so. [*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. H. and others, R.*]

LOUISE. Miss Henry says she would like to see Manley and ask him about her friend Ray.

MRS. WIN. She can remain here or step to the library.

LOUISE. Why! where is Hark?

MRS. WIN. Sure enough! where is he? [*Enter Hark.*]

HARK. Here he am, Missus Winthrop.

MRS. WIN. How do you do, Hark? I am glad to see you safe at home.

HARK. I'se glad nuf to get yere. I is so. [*Exeunt all, R.*]

*Scene IV. Before Petersburg. Officer's Tent with Flag Staff before it. Col. Deerson at the door. Enter Orderly, L, saluting.*

ORD. Colonel! They've got a spy down there.

COL. D. How do you know?



ORD. I've seen him. Regular secesh all through. He's got important papers with him.

COL. D. Who's got him?

ORD. Capt. Snob. His Lieut. brought him in from picket.

COL. D. Why didn't he bring him directly to headquarters?

ORD. You ask me too much Colonel.

COL. D. Well, just you go down there and tell Capt. Snob to have his lieutenant trot him up here at double quick.

*Orderly salutes. Exit Orderly L.*

COL. D. That's a pretty piece of business; taking a spy to company headquarters instead of the regimental! He shall be reprimanded for it. *Enter Adjutant, R, saluting.*

ADJT. The general commanding has died from the effect of wounds received.

COL. And who assumes command?

ADJT. Are you not the ranking officer?

COL. D. I must be. Do you sit down immediately and write an order to that effect. [*Adjutant goes into the tent and writes.*]

COL. D. Say that in consequence of the death of the general commanding, Col. Deerson being the ranking officer assumes command of the brigade, and is to be recognized as general and to be obeyed and respected accordingly. Write it "Per order, Col. Deerson commanding Brigade" and sign it, and have it dispatched as soon as the orderly returns. [*Enter Lieutenant Haines, L, with spy guarded by four soldiers all salute the Colonel except the spy, and immediately after them enters Orderly L, who salutes the Adjutant as he issues from the tent, receives the orders and departs, R. Adjutant remains to witness the proceedings.*]

COL. D. Whom have you here Lieutenant?

LIEUT. H. A spy that we took on the outer picket.

COL. D. [*Turning to spy,*] What say you sir, are you a spy?

GREG. If I should deny it you would not believe me, and if I should say I am you would not show me clemency.

COL. D. A very exalted opinion you have of us Yankees, now haven't you?

GREG. In time of war, Reason and Moderation bid farewell to men.

COL. D. Who are you? or Lieut. where are the papers?

LIEUT. I have found only one upon him of any importance as evidence against him, and that is of no use to our general—Here it is.

COL. D. [*Glancing at it,*] Out of date, but it will go against him. [*Turning to Gregory*] have you other papers?

GREG. You are at liberty to search me.

COL. D. What do you expect to gain by this obstinacy?

GREG. As you will not take the word of a spy, I wish you to be satisfied by seeing with your own eyes.

COL. D. Lieutenant, search the rascal. [*Lieutenant H. begins the search. Gregory is unresisting until Lieut. H. says "open your bosom," then he instinctively starts.*]

COL. D. There's the treasure now. Tear his shirt, anything. [*They scuffle. They leave his neck bare.*]

GREG. [*choking.*] Unhand me and I will give them to you. [*They release him and he takes out the papers but before handing them, suddenly tears them in peices—all try to prevent it but do not succeed.*]

GREG. There they are. [*Throws them to Col. D.*]

COL. D. [*Enraged.*] Rascal! Villian! You shall die for this. [*Greg. looks defiantly.*]

COL. D. I'll take out your Virginia blood, you'll see if you can insult us with impunity, you upstart of a rebel! Lieutenant, bind him to that staff.

LIEUT. H. Boys, fasten him.

COL. D. There's a rope in my tent. [*One gets the rope and they tie him fast to the staff.*]

COL. D. Now Lieut. to your duty as executioner.

GREG. Hold there! I have one request to make.

COL. D. Name it.

GREG. Take my fathers address. [*Col. D. takes his pencil to write on card or paper.*] "Sylvanus Gregory, Spottsylvania. [*Col. writes.*] Say his son died true to his name and to Virginia. Tell him to tell Winthrop that to our vows, I have never for one moment proven false. [*Greg. hesitates.*]

COL. D. Come, is that all?—

GREG. Yes. [*hesitatingly.*] But—

COL. D. Come, out with it, if there is anything. We don't want to be cruel with you.

GREG. Tell them to tell Louise [*blushing.*] that I have done what I thought was right. [*Is much affected.*]

COL. D. All right. Its done. [*Folds the paper and puts it in his pocket.*] And now you shall soon know whether you've done right or not. Are your guns loaded, Lieut.?

LIEUT. H. Are you loaded, boys! [*They nod and say "yes sir."*]

LIEUT. Yes sir they are all loaded.

COL. D. Proceed. [*Greg. is very nervous, excited, eyes start out.*]

LIEUT. Ready—Aim—[*Enter Col. Winthrop hastily.*]

COL. WIN. Hold! Stop, [*The Lieut. does not proceed, and the men come to a shoulder.*] What does this mean! An execution at headquarters Col. Deerson, and by your command?

COL. D. By what right do you interfere?

COL. W. Through seniority of rank.

COL. D. I deny your right.

COL. W. Show the date of your Commission. Here is mine. [*They examine papers.*]

COL. D. I acknowledge that you are right, though only by two days.

GREG. I am saved. (*While Col. D. is talking, Col. W. cuts the ropes which bind Gregory, who falls fainting but is caught by Col. W. TABLEAU. Curtain falls.*)

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Verandah of Col. Gregory's house. Col. Gregory and his daughter Marion.*

MARION. Oh! father, father can it then be true,  
That we are whipped and that the Yankee troops  
Are marching now victorious o'er the land?

COL. G. It is but true, my daughter dear; the North  
Have beaten us upon our native soil,  
And we are henchforth vassals of their will.

MARION. What mean you, vassals, serfs unto the North?  
I'd sooner live on plainest fare, or starve  
Than for an hour submit to their vile sway.  
Out upon them! I spurn the mudsills now,  
As when four years ago we here were met.

[*Stamps her feet excitedly. Enter Lillian, R.*]  
Where, think you, is your Yankee lover now?

COL. G. Hush, my daughter! speak not thus to Lillian.  
Young Winthrop did but act the part he thought  
Was right; he is an honest whole-souled man.  
Have you not heard that by his friendly aid  
Our Festus' life was saved when hope was gone?

MARION. Ah! father, can you e'er forget the night  
He fled from us, deceiving ere he went?

COL. G. Ah! Marion, you are a rebel still.

MARION. Indeed I am, and while I live, I trust  
My heart will ever feel the same as now.

LILLIAN. What boots it Marion, that we persist  
In hating those who are our honest friends.  
Has not friend Winthrop ever shown a heart  
Of kindness toward our household, young and old?

MARION. I don't care; I'm a rebel and I always will be one. [*Enter Festus Gregory, L.*]

MARION. There's Festus!

LILLIAN. My dear brother!

GREG. Ah! sisters, father, I'm home for good.

COL. G. Welcome home, Festus. Glad we are to see you.

MARION. Did you come near being shot for a spy?

GREG. Yes, I did sis, and but for my friend Winthrop I should now be a dead man.

MARION. It's no more than he ought to do. You saved his life once, and he saved yours. Tit for tat. You are not indebted to him.

LILLIAN. Tell us about it, Festus.

GREG. Well, our commanding officer wanted to find out something in regard to the enemy's defence, and I volunteered to undertake the task.

MARION. Brave Festus!

COL. G. A true Gregory!

GREG. I was captured, and brought before a colonel, who upon the sudden death of his general, had assumed command of the brigade. I was condemned by him to be shot immediately, and the Lieutenant was preparing to execute the sentence; indeed the soldiers were aiming there guns at me, when Winthrop rushed up and put a stop to the proceedings.

LILLIAN. That was a narrow escape; but why was Winthrop obeyed?

GREG. Because he was the ranking officer, as was proved by examining their commissions. When I heard that Winthrop was to take command I exclaimed "I am saved!" I knew that my old friend would manage to get me safe out of it, although I could not see how it could be done and he prove true to his principles as I knew he would.

COL. G. Thank Heaven, my son, for such a friend! They are few, and they are as precious as they are rare.

GREG. I am glad that you think this of Manley. I partially swooned upon being restored to hopes of life, and was taken in that condition to Col. Winthrop's headquarters where I soon returned to full consciousness of my situation. I was very grateful to my deliverer from immediate death, and for his promise of interposition in my behalf, if my execution should be demanded. But you know how Lee surrendered, and the troops were allowed to go to their homes. I was accordingly liberated and am now with you.

LILLIAN. Thank Heaven that the war at length is ended.

GREG. More of this another time. [*Exeunt all, R. and L.*]

SCENE II. *Poorly furnished room. Old Mrs. Holman knitting.*

MRS. H. Gratitude! love! sympathy! Pretty words  
Are these, but they have lost all meaning now.  
They were merely catch words for the time.  
Debts of honor! (ha! ha!) are never paid,  
If there be an "I owe you" which the law  
Has jurisdiction over, all is well;  
But words of honor are but slender bonds  
Which oft are broken when the danger's past.  
Ay! we may live on poorest fare, or starve,  
And yet no one of all who promised much

Will aid us, but in common charity.  
 Oh! must a soldier, or his wife ask alms  
 Of those for whom he gave his strength in war?  
 They throw his scanty pension in our teeth  
 As if eight paltry dollars would suffice  
 To purchase all our wants if sick or well!  
 Ah! Christianity, thou art malingered  
 When such penurious, flinty men profess  
 Their deeds are governed by thy righteous laws!

[*Enter Holman, L., on crutches.*]

MR. H. Wife, wife, what is that you say? Are you crazed?  
 Of late I often find you muttering.

MRS. H. Oft-times I think I'm like a sorceress;  
 They say that oft from lack of proper food,  
 The tongue of prophecy itself is loosed:  
 That visions come which others cannot see.

HOLMAN. Lucia! Lucia! wife, stop. Oh! speak not so.  
 Is there not e'en a morsel in the house?

MRS. H. Not e'en one morsel, all we had is gone.  
 But do not mind, Abijah, for my days  
 Are numbered and in brighter lands I soon  
 Shall be where plenty reigns and ills come not.

MR. H. You shall not starve to death. You've kept  
 from me

Your pressing need while I have found my bread  
 Away; else I'd have begged for your relief.  
 Good Colonel Winthrop has been e'er our friend,  
 I'll haste to him and tell our need of food.

[*Starts to leave the house. Enter Col. Winthrop and Louise, L.*]

WIN. Good morning, Holman!

MR. H. Thank Heaven! When e'er "we talk of angels,  
 then

We hear the gentle rustling of their wings."

[*Louise meanwhile goes to Mrs. Holman with jellies, cakes and bread.*]

LOUISE. Here is something which mother has sent you  
 Mrs. Holman. She thought perhaps your appetite would  
 crave this jelly. You are looking really ill; I will tell father  
 to call and see you tomorrow morning. [*Mrs. H. tastes of the  
 jelly and eats of the bread.*]

MRS. H. Bless your gracious heart. You are a Christian.  
 You have saved me from starvation.

LOUISE. Starvation! Mrs. Holman.

COL. W. Starvation! Holman how is this? I thought you  
 had more confidence in us than this.

MR. H. She didn't want me to beg, and so kept her real  
 need from me.

COL. W. Beg! Holman, beg! what are you talking about?  
 You are not an object of charity. A man lose his strength,

his power of procuring a living, by service at war, and then be obliged to beg and feel ashamed to do so, why Holman this is simply ridiculous. You shall never want while any of the Winthrops are alive. Just you rest easy on that score.

MR. H. I knew it. I knew you would say so.

MRS. H. Heaven will reward you!

COL. W. For paying my debts? Ha! ha! Good morning. I'll send Hark here tomorrow.

LOUISE. Good morning. I'll call and see you again soon.  
(*Eceunt Col. W. and Louise, R.*)

MR. H. Now, Lucia, I guess you'll consent to live a little while longer.

MRS. H. Wal, I think I will, Abijah, seein' there's angels of mercy on the earth as well as over yonder. I expect the Good Father dont' leave us alone, though sometimes it seems as if he had forgotten us. If we try to do right, we shant starve, or suffer more than we can bear. I believe that, don't you, Abijah?

MR. H. That I do, Lucia, though sometimes a feller will forgit it when his last cent is gone, and his wife is sick, and he don't know where the next cent is comin' from.

MRS. H. Let's bow our heads a minute and thank the Father for His care, and ask a blessin, on our friends. (*They bow their heads. TABLEAU. They rise.*)

MRS. H. Come, Abijah, help me put these things in the pantry.

MR. H. That I'll do. (*They take baskets and Eceunt, L.*)

SCENE. III. (*Parlor at Col. Gregory's residence. Enter Louise Winthrop, L, and looks from the window.*)

LOUISE. Oh! sweet the balmy air which wafts the scent  
Of myriad blossoms from the orchard grove,  
Who would not love the South, and linger here  
Her youthful years, where all is beautiful?  
Though there were nothing else to bind my heart  
But these delightful scenes in field and wood,  
E'en then methinks, I could with pleasure call  
This happy place my home; but when fond eyes  
Have looked their earnest love into mine own,  
And whispered words have spoke of loving long,  
Methinks I could no other country find  
Where life would seem so dear and truly blest.  
(*Lightly sings "The Robin sings his sweetest song" or some other pretty song. Enter Greg, L.*)

GREG. Ho! ho! *ma belle* thy pretty voice this morn  
Is blithe and merry as the wildest bird.  
Art thou so very, very happy, sweet,  
As thy glad, ringing voice bids me believe?

LOUISE. Ah! Festus who is there would not be glad

Amid these scenes on this delightful morn?

GREG. Then 'tis the scene and nothing else which thrills  
Thy gentle heart with such unwonted joy!

LOUISE. Not this alone, nor chiefly, but thy words  
Of yesternight afford this joy to me.

*(He attempts to kiss her and she apparently yields, but ere he can succeed she starts away singing. Exit Louise, R.)*

GREG. How tantalizing is my bird today!

When woman knows her sovereign power o'er man,  
Tis her delight that power to exercise.

Humph! well, we wait while they the fetters bind,  
And tis a pleasing sway I well confess.

Is it that the morn is now more beautiful  
Than other mornings, that we are so blest?

The birds, the trees, the flowers—all Nature seems  
Thrice filled with joy upon this vernal day.

These festive scenes remind me of the days,  
The hostile days upon the Southern soil.

Friend Winthrop then was my sworn enemy  
According to the usages of war;

Yet often did he prove that friendship true  
Will rise above all party strife or hate

And its delightful offices perform,  
Though, seemingly, disgrace be its reward.

And now, today, sweet peace reigns o'er this land.  
The South, submissive to the fate imposed

By war's result upon their conquered heads,  
Are living with the hope of better days;

Nor bear the North ill-will, as some suppose:  
'Tis true, I cannot speak for all the South.

But all I know submit with willing grace  
And own the justice of the ruling power.

This is a glad and most eventful day;  
It sees my sister and my truest friend

Together joined in matrimonial bonds. *(Enter guests, L.)*  
The guests are coming and I must away.

*(Exit Greg., R. Enter Marion Gregory, R.)*

MARION. Good morning, friends, I am glad to see you  
here.

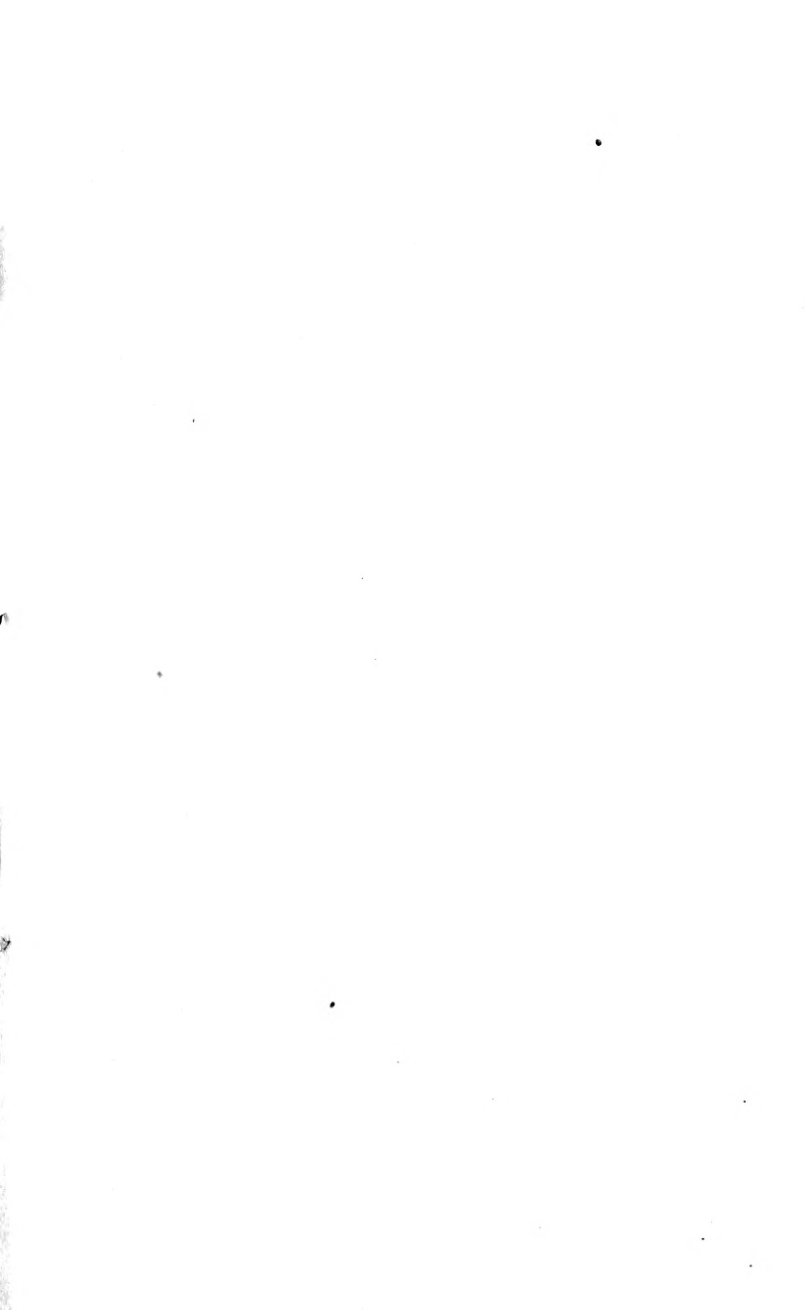
Be seated till the bride and groom arrive.

*Enter other guests who are received by Marion. Enter Pianist, R., who seats himself at the piano, removes his gloves and after a little delay begins to perform the "Wedding March." Enter Col. Gregory, L. Enter clergyman who is to officiate. The assembled guests act expectant and eager. Enter Festus Gregory with Louise Winthrop, and Col. Winthrop with Lillian Gregory. They assume their proper positions and the marriage ceremony is about to begin when the curtain falls.*

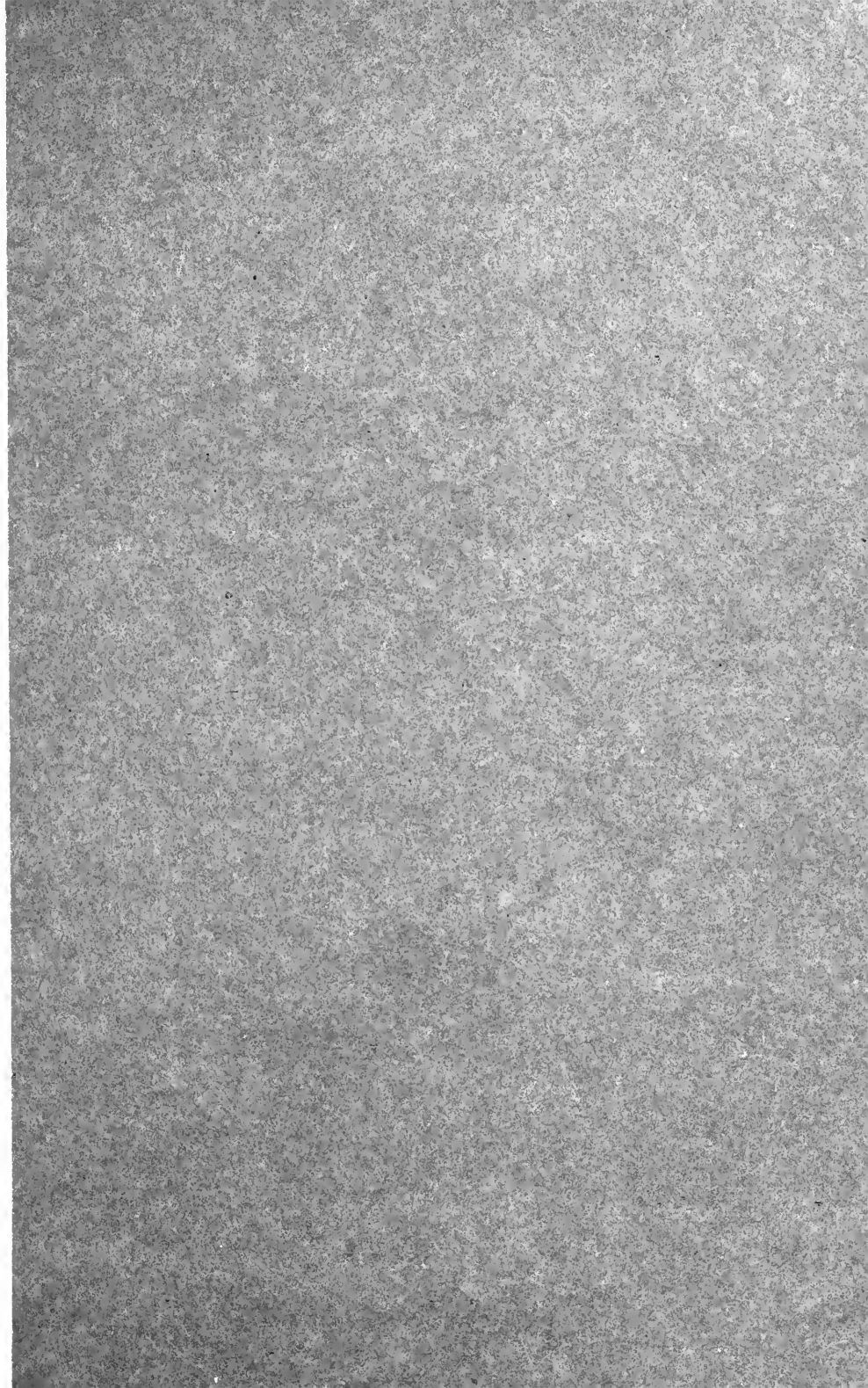
#### TABLEAU.











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